

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

## American Singers Abroad.

Monsieur Debussy, whose quartet in G minor was played at the recent Knickerbocker recital, is having an immense vogue in Paris through the success of his opera, "Pelléas et Mélisande," which is being performed to crowded houses at the Opera Comique. Quite a cult exists in Paris in regard to this opera, music students and enthusiasts boasting of having heard it twenty and thirty times. The music is by no means gay or especially tuneful. It follows, rather, the "higher art," and is regarded as worthy of deep and exhaustive study. Weir is the word, perhaps, which best describes the music, and the opera itself is so exquisitely mounted that it is aesthetically instructive to the eye as well as the ear. A succession of dream-like pictures form the mise-en-scene, and the composer himself is so much interested in the production that, though his opera has been running some time, he is present at nearly every performance.

Nobody denies that Debussy, despite his talent, is somewhat grotesque in appearance. He is one of the features of the opera, strutting about between the acts in an ornate velvet waistcoat, his conspicuous hair brushing out from beneath the regulation French top hat. He enjoys a wide acquaintance with the artistic element in Paris, and talks with a vast number of persons who are proud to be observed chatting with one of the lions of the day.

Mary Garden, the beautiful young American girl, who is the pupil of Jean de Reszke's, who has been the idol of Paris for the past three or four years, has been singing the role of Mélisande in Debussy's opera, and her drawing powers have been well attested. She, also, was a feature of the performance—even more than Debussy. That she is about to leave the French opera to sing in Italy in repertoire is due to a cabal having been formed against her singing of the role of the director's wife. The latter—French woman—made it so unpleasantly hot for the young American, in spite of the rallying of friends and a vigorous opposition on the part of Debussy, against having his prima donna driven from Paris by the invective of a jealous woman, that Miss Garden has expressed a preference for Italy, where she will shortly be heard under new management.

The fact that so many American girls who go abroad under the chaperonage of their mothers settle in Paris to study music is said to be due to the preference for Paris as a place of European residence over the musical centers of Germany. In the Avenue Victor Hugo there is an American charming residence—part school, part hotel—where is presided over an American woman of great culture, who entertains "paying guests" of a limited number. The young ladies received here are American girls who aspire to careers, but come from too wealthy a class to penetrate the Latin quarter. Sometimes they are studying dancing, languages, music, and art. More frequently they are accompanied by their mothers, who struggle against a destiny of placid home comfort to keep pace with the artistic inclinations of their daughters.

At a recent soiree given at this exclusive establishment two American girls well known in Washington acquired themselves very creditably on the violin, the other at the piano. The accompaniments for the former were played by the mother of the young lady in question, who, these days, is at all musical, but in the struggle to be thoroughly companionable to her talented daughter, has renounced society and gone in for music culture, in this typical of the American mother?

Americans resident in Paris as well as Washington musical and social circles, are interested in the turn of fortune that has come to Miss Florence Holtzman, of this city. Miss Holtzman has been living in Paris, in the Rue de Colosseum, for a year or more, studying dramatic art, as well as voice culture, and preparing for her debut in grand opera, which is scheduled to take place early next April, presumably in Munich. The costumes for the three operas in which Miss Holtzman will appear are now being made, and "Mignon" is thought to be the vehicle that will introduce this talented young American girl to European audiences.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that after a brief season of two months in opera, Miss Holtzman will return to Washington, where her marriage to Mr. Thomas Weymouth, of Oil City, Pa., will take place in June. Miss Holtzman does not intend to abandon her career as an artist, but will return to Europe soon after her marriage to resume the work which she has launched, with every prospect of success.

It will be recalled that Miss Holtzman's voice is one of the rarely beautiful "made voices" which some maestros claim do not wear beyond the first year, and that they may be depended upon to increase in strength and quality. Miss Holtzman has proved an ambitious and indefatigable student, and her singing has vastly improved since she came to this city with Signor Campanari, who predicts a brilliant future for the young artist. Her associates in Paris say that with the love for her art and the temperamental qualities which she possesses, Miss Holtzman possesses, she is bound to succeed on the grand opera stage in this time of enthusiasm over young American prima donnas.

Mr. Weymouth is an electrical engineer residing in Oil City. The romance is said to have had its setting in Paris last summer while Mr. Weymouth was visiting his sister, who is also something of a personage in the Parisian scene, and who is a graduate of Mrs. Somers' school in this city.

Mme. Lillian Nordica's forthcoming engagement to wed the famous prima donna to Washington for the first time since the death of her friend, Miss Margaret Edes. In her hospitable home on K Street, Miss Edes was wont to entertain Nordica during the latter's Washington engagements, either at an afternoon reception, at which local society was afforded an opportunity to meet the famous singer, or at one or more large dinner parties. The two women were greatly attached to each other, and in a letter received recently from Mme. Nordica she refers to her in Germany as "Miss Edes." "Nobody knows how I shall miss her when I come to Washington. It was principally through this dear friend that I formed many other Washington friendships, and in her summer as well as her town home Miss Edes afforded me many pleasures."

A certain charming young lady who is taking a higher course study at one of Washington's most fashionable boarding-schools is enjoying something of a jolke upon herself in regard to Mme. Schumann-Heink. At the latter's recent appearance in this city the young lady in question, who is nearly six feet in height, heard the famous contralto sing for the first time. She was so enamored of the singer, as well as the singer's art, that she resolved to write to her in Germany a language with which she is not yet thoroughly familiar. The letter was accomplished, after much laboring with the

German grammar, and dispatched to Mme. Schumann-Heink at Spartenburg, whither she went after leaving Washington. It contained an earnest request for the singer's photograph, and it was signed "Your faithful admirer, Mary R."

A few days ago the Schumann-Heink enthusiast received through the post a package which proved to be the much-coveted photograph of the face of the picture was written in the artist's curious cursive: "For dear little Mary, with my love."

Washington friends of Geraldine Farrar have visited the grand opera star at her apartments at the Hotel Nederland, New York, say that the young singer, next to Mrs. Leslie Carter, is the most perfectly millinized and attired of the many women of the stage who take the air in Central Park in automobiles every fair day. Miss Farrar's taste in dress is as instinctive as her talent, and without giving the subject much thought, she is always a fashion plate worthy of emulation. Aside from her outings in the park, Miss Farrar indulges in no pleasure beyond the pursuit of her art. She never accepts an invitation to lunch or dine, or even join a supper party after the opera. She simply lives and breathes for her music, and when she is not rehearsing or practicing, she spends her time quietly with her parents, resting in preparation for her performance.

On December 19 Fraulien von Unschuld gave a most successful recital at the residence of Mr. Samuel Thorne, such entertainment. Such entertainment before a select audience. Such entertainment that Mrs. Thorne engaged the young artist for every Monday evening for her residence recitals, given in her magnificent music-room. In addition, Miss von Unschuld was engaged by Mrs. Charles Hoffman for an evening recital the latter part of January.

The next lecture given at the University of Music and Dramatic Art will have as its subject "Sebastian Bach." The lecture will be given by Fraulien von Unschuld.

The following programme was sung at the studio of Oscar Garseniss by two of his pupils, Mr. McKenzie and Miss Follin, on Monday evening, December 17: "A Ballad of Trees and the Master" (Chadwick), "Virgin's Lullaby" (Buck), "Amour, viens aider," from "Samson et Dalila" (Saint-Saens), "Elegance" (Eleanore Smith), "Spring Song" (MacKenzie), "Autumn Song" (Grieg), "Song by Mrs. McKenzie," "Invocation" (Guy d'Hardelot), "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" (Massenet), "Matineta" (Tosti), "Plaisir d'amour" (Marini), "Since First" (Grieg), "The Goodbye" (Grieg), "Smile, Slumber" (Gounod), "Twas April" (Nevin), sung by Miss Follin.

The Opera Study Class of Mr. Garseniss has its last rehearsal of "Orpheus" on Tuesday of this week. After the holidays "Der Freischuetz," by Weber, will be taken up.

A programme of modern and classical songs was given at the MacFall School of Music last Friday evening. The singers were Mrs. George Hebbard, Miss Emily Dittie, Miss Dorothy Rowell, and Miss Emily Blazer. The regular studio musicale will be held once a month during the season.

On the evening of December 20, at 8 o'clock, the choir of Christ Church, Georgetown, will sing Dudley Buck's cantata, "The Coming of the King." Mr. B. Allen Terrell, tenor of St. John's, will be the assisting soloist. Arthur Clyde Leonard will be the organist and choir-master.

A musical event of importance will be the appearance at the National Theater at 4:30 Thursday afternoon, January 3, of the famous New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch.

A son of the distinguished musician, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the New York Symphony's leader, was born in Breslau, Germany, but came to this country when a boy. At the age of twenty-three, he was elected conductor of the Oratorio Society, at the same time serving as assistant director to Edmond Stanton, of the Metropolitan Opera House. Since then he has been active in the musical life of New York, but of the entire country. Mr. Damrosch founded the Damrosch Opera Company for the production of the Wagner music dramas, and the organization met with widespread fame.

In 1902, Mr. Damrosch became conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and a year later reorganized the New York Symphony, which since has received his enthusiastic support. Arthur Clyde Leonard has such a busy life as conductor, organizer, and lecturer that his talents for composition have not been used as much as his friends would have liked. He really great works are an American opera on Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," which he composed and produced successfully, and a beautiful Maudie Deum, which he wrote in honor of Dewey's victory. And who hasn't heard of "Danny Deever"—not so broad in scope, but fairly great, nevertheless. Damrosch liked Kipling's poem. He wisely waited until he was in the proper mood, and then he sat down and caught the inspiration, as they say, to perfection. Bishop helped to make "Danny Deever" popular by his dramatic rendering of it.

Mme. Nordica, one of the greatest dramatic sopranos of our time, is a different artist from the Nordica of a few years ago. Her art has developed and broadened and her musical horizons have widened. Always a delight to the eye, she was never more so than at the present time. There is no other living vocalist who can sing high C so thrillingly. The fullness and purity of it is amazing. Sincere devotion to her art, together with marvelous vocal gifts, unimpaired musical taste and intuition, combined with considerable beauty, have placed this singer firmly in popular favor. Mme. Nordica will appear at the New National Theater at 4:30 in the afternoon, in the Washington College of Music series, on Thursday, January 10. Tickets can now be secured at T. Arthur Smith's, 1327 F street northwest.

Mr. Richard P. Backing, a young tenor with a voice of unusual brilliancy of tone and pure quality, a pupil of Mr. Sydney Lloyd Wrightson for the past two years, has been appointed tenor soloist of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which Mr. Edgar Priest, of the Washington College of Music, is organist and musical director.

Among the changes in the personnel of the Washington church choirs will be Mr. William C. Mills' transfer from St. John's, Georgetown, to the choir of

the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. Mr. Mills will assume his new duties January 15.

The Students' Club of the Washington College of Music held its fourth regular meeting at 1226 Massachusetts avenue Thursday evening, December 20. A large attendance of the club members and the interest shown by the students under the leadership of Miss Clara Drew, of the faculty, gives promise of another flourishing and working feature of the college. The following programme was given: Subject, Beethoven (1770-1827). Life of Beethoven, Miss Annie E. Dunning; Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, Miss Marie Hansen; Works of Beethoven, Miss Ouida Wheeler; Sonata, Op. 26, Miss Ethel Garrett Johnson; "In questa tomba oscura," Miss Flora Bernheimer; Sonata Pathétique, Adagio, Miss Lenore Lacey; "I Love You," Miss Gertrude Reuter; Sonata, Appassionata, Op. 58 (First Movement), Miss Ouida Wheeler.

The next meeting of the club will be Thursday evening, January 3, 1907, subject, Schubert.

Miss Claudia Minnree sang a group of songs by Carrie Jacobs Bond, and two seventeenth century songs, at Mrs. Oldberg's music-room on Friday. Her voice is a lyric soprano of fine quality.

Miss Eloise Sebring has resigned from the Metropolitan Methodist Church choir.

## BERNESE MUSIC MAD.

Correspondence of The Washington Herald.

Bern, Dec. 16.—We have nothing if not musical in Bern! This week's programme will prove it with the Abonnement concert on Tuesday, the long-heralded re-appearance of Mme. Mario Gay in "Carmen" on Wednesday and Friday, and on Saturday the well-beloved Marie Brema in a programme half song and half recitation, the latter given by her talented daughter, Miss Titi Brand.

They say the Bernese people are cold, self-restrained people and unsocial. I wish you could have seen and heard them Tuesday at the Abonnement concert at the close of every one of the seven songs of the prima donna, Fräulein Koenen, from Holland. They carried on like mad and called and re-called her, and found almost as much pleasure in the low oblation that she made in acknowledgment as in the songs themselves.

Wednesday the theater was jammed for "Carmen" and the "old" Bernese almost tore their hair out with their enthusiasm. After the concert she had to come before the curtain four or five times, and even in the "open scene," as it is called, she was often applauded, something which is never done in Europe. They say that "Carmen" was created for her many years ago—even so many as twenty years ago—but to look at her one would never believe that she could count back so far. However, she is "Carmen"—it is no more acting, it is living the part, the way she interprets it. One enthusiast exclaimed, "Potts Donnerwetter! So schön, wie sie haben!" and another in his neighborly way, "course a man, signed, 'O, la bella bestie'."

It seems that the last time she was here she received five offers of marriage from as many "cold" Bernese gentlemen. Imagine the disappointment of these five suitors! Six reasons prevented her from accepting their most flattering offers, namely, a husband and five children! I hear she is engaged in New York for next season, and I am sure she will "make good" for the New Yorkers. For the Bernese, believe, and "La Gay's" "Carmen" is all spice. The house is already sold out for Brema, as she is a favorite with us.

Miss Brand will give scenes from Shakespeare, and that draws immensely, for it is the style in Bern to adore the English language and to show on all occasions one's mastery over it. I must say it is astonishing, and well very one knows it. It is taught in the schools very thoroughly, and all the young folks can answer intelligently any simple question put to them after a year of study. The young ladies, after graduation, are sent for a few months to Switzerland to learn French, and then one year to England to learn English. Sometimes this latter trip has a very bad effect on the character of the girls, as, for instance, the most charming of a well-known carved-wood merchant here, who came back from a six weeks' stay in England and spoke with scorn of somebody as being "shop!" Talk about a dear lady here whom I am very fond of, but who convulses me with her English. Anything funny is "to laugh," anything sad "to weep," while as for that troublesome word "get," she translates the German equivalent, "bekommen" by "become." The result is that in the spring she laments "O, I can't become a gardener," and later on, "I become no cook nor no proper maid." Really it is "to weep" and "to laugh," too.

Speaking of languages, Bern is really a polyglot town. For instance, the telephone is in French, and the answer is "Bon jour, ist Frau Hda?" Then I answer "Ja" and the conversation continues in German. At the end of the conversation we say: "Also, adieu, Merci beaucoup," or what is even more mixed, "Merci viel, viel!"

Yesterday was a prize day in this respect. I mean in the language line. All the morning a girl was with me who speaks very good English. In the afternoon she met at her house in the evening I went with my brother-in-law, who always speaks French to me, to a German opera, and in between all French. The result is that in the spring she laments "O, I can't become a gardener," and later on, "I become no cook nor no proper maid." Really it is "to weep" and "to laugh," too.

Every girl wants to be a prima donna, and every married lady has secret ambitions to follow in the footsteps of "La Bernese." I have known two different girls who have been very ambitious, and every one I know takes lessons of some sort. Some go to the gymnasium, some to the university (I hear that Prof. Veeze's lectures in art are so popular that you can hardly find a seat even if you go early)—some go to the Berlitz School, and some fence. There is hardly any one who does not belong to one or two little clubs called "Kranzi," where they meet once a week, and drink tea, work, drink tea, and consume piles of delicious little cakes that the confectioners know so well how to make here, and talk over the latest events of the season. And the singing teachers here would form an army.

Was Another Kind. Fair Voyager—What are those round white things leaning against the deck-rail?

Old Sea-Dog—They're life-preservers, madam.

Fair Voyager—Well I wonder how in the world my husband ever managed to get onto those things in a bottle?

Dozing in Church. From the Philadelphia Press.

"Lots of people," remarked the tireless talker, "are said to have fallen asleep in the Lord, who merely died and went to the other place."

"That's not the case," said the hearer. "They ever got to it was to fall asleep in the house of the Lord."

## MANNERS IN FRANCE

## Anomalous Attitude of Men Toward the Other Sex.

## CONTRAST WITH THE ENGLISH

Leaders in California Pioneer Days Started as Poor Men.

Every leader rose from the ranks. Of the so-called Big Four who built the first railway over the Rockies, Huntington and Hopkins had sold pickaxes, Crocker red shirts, and Stanford flour and tobacco. John W. Mackay, one of the greatest of civilization builders in both East and West, was a blaster. His three partners, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, were shirtless pioneers. D. Mills, owner of skyscrapers, steel mills, and hotels, paid rent for a shanty.

James R. Keene, master of Wall Street game, was a San Francisco proletarian. Sharon, Hearst, Tevis, and Langtry, rich afterward as Roman emperors, were at first as poor as any of the goldseekers. "Lucky" Baldwin kept a lively stable. Lux and Baron, the ranch kings, were butcher boys. Senator Perkins was a sailor. Irving T. Stowry built his empire as a poor boy in a Baltimore foundry. Adolph Sutro, the Astor of San Francisco, had been highly educated in Germany, but when California knew him first he was a peddler.

Some of these men, of course, stumbled into treasure holes, others became gold kings by sheer brain power and perseverance. It was half a lottery and half a race. There were a few of the famous ones that have no glamour of romance and adventure about their history. How John Selkirk sold the richest mine for \$50 to James G. Fair; how even that astute miner believed to be worthless and resold it to Lane and Alvina Hayward for \$10,000, and how these two men, led on by a belief in spiritualism, groped in the rejected mine until they found \$7,000,000.

Such is the story of the Utes. And there are many such stories waiting for the greater writer who shall some day come and immortalize them in an Odyssey of the Pacific.

## WE GET GOOD IMMIGRANTS.

Idea That a Million of Paupers and Criminals Arrive Yearly Fiction.

From "On the Trail of the Immigrant." "Much ignorance needs to be dispelled regarding these immigrants. Not long ago I heard one of the secretaries of a certain home missionary society say, with much unction as he pleaded for money for his work: 'We land annually on these shores a 1,000,000 paupers and criminals.' Unfortunately, much of such impression prevails. It was my privilege recently as a member of the national conference on immigration, to be among the guests of the commissioner of the port of New York, and one of the spectacles which we witnessed was the landing of a shipload of immigrants. We stood in the visitor's gallery and looked down upon a hall divided and subdivided by the cold iron railings. Many of the visitors were beginning to hold their noses in anticipation of the stenches which would come with these foreigners, and were ready to be shocked by the horrors of the steerage."

Slowly the bewildered mass came into view; but, strange to relate, those who led the mass appeared like ladies and gentlemen. "The women were modern, half wore a little the worst of wear, but bought in the city of Prague a few months before, and they were more becoming to these young Bohemian women than to the majority of their American sisters."

The men carried handboxes, silk umbrellas, and walking canes, the remnants of past glories. They were permitted to come in first because they were good looking and passed out quickly into their lodgings. The members of our Congress welcomed them heartily by the clapping of hands. "After them came Slavie women with no finer except their homeliness, rough, tough, and clean; carrying upon their backs piles of feather-beds and household utensils. Strong limbed men followed them in the picturesque garb of their native villages; Slovaks, Poles, Roumanians, Ruthenians, Italians, and all the Russian Jews; but, in a word, behold! no smells ascended to our nostrils, and no horrors were disclosed."

"Taking a group of delegates down among them, we found that they were wholesome looking people, not devoid of intelligence, and when the barrier between us was broken down by the sound of their native speech, they were communicative, at ease, and very human."

## MAGAZINE BURBANKING.

Some Interesting Scientific Experiments with Leading Periodicals.

From Puck. Prof. Quigglestone, we notice, has recently completed some very interesting experiments in magazine grafting. His endeavors have been along the lines marked out by Luther Burbank, but Prof. Quigglestone's discoveries, we feel confident, will be far more revolutionary than the effects thereof. The eminent Californian has yet done. We append the professor's own account of the work he has accomplished:

"Experiment 1.—I took a copy of St. Nicholas and immersed it in a solution of salt water and placed with it several pages from a Frank Merivale Weekly. In a few days the St. Nicholas had become a pronounced yellow in color and several grammatical errors had appeared in the letter-press."

"Experiment 2.—Taking a copy of the Theater Magazine, I inserted it between the leaves of a Ladies' Home Journal, and placed the two in a very strong solution of salt water—which I find to be the only liquid in which roots can be obtained. At the end of two years and three months I found that a short paragraph had appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal to the effect that the tight-fitting and disreputable trousers of the Frenchman (this was one of the longest and most difficult of the experiments)."

"Experiment 3.—Taking a copy of an Everybody and another of a Cosmopolitan I placed them both in the liquid. In a short time I found a statement in both that the combined circulation of the two was now above three millions."

## Coking Coal? Why Not the Tariff?

From the Baltimore American. As Mr. Carnegie declares, the creation of his great steel enterprise and the creation of every other great enterprise that has produced multimillions has been due to favoring conditions in the way of coking coal or some other factor in industry rather than to the energy or genius of the individuals who become the possessors of amassed fortunes.

Discreet Youth. From Smiles.

Tess—George wanted to know last night whether the roses on your cheeks were real.

Tess—Well, what did you say?

Tess—Nothing! I merely winked.

tention to a domino party at the nearest cafe. If she be a peasant's wife, no one on the farm will slave harder than she. There is scarcely any labor which she will not undertake.

In every sphere woman is too often the man of the house. Nowhere is feminine influence more active, more felt, and less recognized than in France. And nowhere among the civilized nations is man more dependent on woman, more attached to her and less respectful.

## ALL ROSE FROM THE RANKS.

Leaders in California Pioneer Days Started as Poor Men.

Every leader rose from the ranks. Of the so-called Big Four who built the first railway over the Rockies, Huntington and Hopkins had sold pickaxes, Crocker red shirts, and Stanford flour and tobacco. John W. Mackay, one of the greatest of civilization builders in both East and West, was a blaster. His three partners, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, were shirtless pioneers. D. Mills, owner of skyscrapers, steel mills, and hotels, paid rent for a shanty.

James R. Keene, master of Wall Street game, was a San Francisco proletarian. Sharon, Hearst, Tevis, and Langtry, rich afterward as Roman emperors, were at first as poor as any of the goldseekers. "Lucky" Baldwin kept a lively stable. Lux and Baron, the ranch kings, were butcher boys. Senator Perkins was a sailor. Irving T. Stowry built his empire as a poor boy in a Baltimore foundry. Adolph Sutro, the Astor of San Francisco, had been highly educated in Germany, but when California knew him first he was a peddler.

Some of these men, of course, stumbled into treasure holes, others became gold kings by sheer brain power and perseverance. It was half a lottery and half a race. There were a few of the famous ones that have no glamour of romance and adventure about their history. How John Selkirk sold the richest mine for \$50 to James G. Fair; how even that astute miner believed to be worthless and resold it to Lane and Alvina Hayward for \$10,000, and how these two men, led on by a belief in spiritualism, groped in the rejected mine until they found \$7,000,000.

Such is the story of the Utes. And there are many such stories waiting for the greater writer who shall some day come and immortalize them in an Odyssey of the Pacific.

## WE GET GOOD IMMIGRANTS.

Idea That a Million of Paupers and Criminals Arrive Yearly Fiction.

From "On the Trail of the Immigrant." "Much ignorance needs to be dispelled regarding these immigrants. Not long ago I heard one of the secretaries of a certain home missionary society say, with much unction as he pleaded for money for his work: 'We land annually on these shores a 1,000,000 paupers and criminals.' Unfortunately, much of such impression prevails. It was my privilege recently as a member of the national conference on immigration, to be among the guests of the commissioner of the port of New York, and one of the spectacles which we witnessed was the landing of a shipload of immigrants. We stood in the visitor's gallery and looked down upon a hall divided and subdivided by the cold iron railings. Many of the visitors were beginning to hold their noses in anticipation of the stenches which would come with these foreigners, and were ready to be shocked by the horrors of the steerage."

Slowly the bewildered mass came into view; but, strange to relate, those who led the mass appeared like ladies and gentlemen. "The women were modern, half wore a little the worst of wear, but bought in the city of Prague a few months before, and they were more becoming to these young Bohemian women than to the majority of their American sisters."

The men carried handboxes, silk umbrellas, and walking canes, the remnants of past glories. They were permitted to come in first because they were good looking and passed out quickly into their lodgings. The members of our Congress welcomed them heartily by the clapping of hands. "After them came Slavie women with no finer except their homeliness, rough, tough, and clean; carrying upon their backs piles of feather-beds and household utensils. Strong limbed men followed them in the picturesque garb of their native villages; Slovaks, Poles, Roumanians, Ruthenians, Italians, and all the Russian Jews; but, in a word, behold! no smells ascended to our nostrils, and no horrors were disclosed."

"Taking a group of delegates down among them, we found that they were wholesome looking people, not devoid of intelligence, and when the barrier between us was broken down by the sound of their native speech, they were communicative, at ease, and very human."

"Taking a group of delegates down among them, we found that they were wholesome looking people, not devoid of intelligence, and when the barrier between us was broken down by the sound of their native speech, they were communicative, at ease, and very human."

## MAGAZINE BURBANKING.

Some Interesting Scientific Experiments with Leading Periodicals.

From Puck. Prof. Quigglestone, we notice, has recently completed some very interesting experiments in magazine grafting. His endeavors have been along the lines marked out by Luther Burbank, but Prof. Quigglestone's discoveries, we feel confident, will be far more revolutionary than the effects thereof. The eminent Californian has yet done. We append the professor's own account of the work he has accomplished:

"Experiment 1.—I took a copy of St. Nicholas and immersed it in a solution of salt water and placed with it several pages from a Frank Merivale Weekly. In a few days the St. Nicholas had become a pronounced yellow in color and several grammatical errors had appeared in the letter-press."

"Experiment 2.—Taking a copy of the Theater Magazine, I inserted it between the leaves of a Ladies' Home Journal, and placed the two in a very strong solution of salt water—which I find to be the only liquid in which roots can be obtained. At the end of two years and three months I found that a short paragraph had appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal to the effect that the tight-fitting and disreputable trousers of the Frenchman (this was one of the longest and most difficult of the experiments)."

"Experiment 3.—Taking a copy of an Everybody and another of a Cosmopolitan I placed them both in the liquid. In a short time I found a statement in both that the combined circulation of the two was now above three millions."

## Coking Coal? Why Not the Tariff?

From the Baltimore American. As Mr. Carnegie declares, the creation of his great steel enterprise and the creation of every other great enterprise that has produced multimillions has been due to favoring conditions in the way of coking coal or some other factor in industry rather than to the energy or genius of the individuals who become the possessors of amassed fortunes.

Discreet Youth. From Smiles.

Tess—George wanted to know last night whether the roses on your cheeks were real.

Tess—Well, what did you say?

Tess—Nothing! I merely winked.



"THERE!" said the widow, balancing herself precariously on the step of the ladder with the tip of her fingers on the bachelors' shoulders, while she surveyed a pink-and-gold angel at the very apex of the charity Christmas tree. "It looks stunning, doesn't it?"

The bachelor folded his arms and gazed up at the widow critically. "Stunning!" he agreed. "But why are the nicest things all at the top—where we can't reach them?"

The widow withdrew her fingers from his shoulder and leaned hurriedly over to transfix a tinseled ball on a side branch. "They aren't," she said, spinning one eye to ascertain that the heart hung straight. "They only seem the nicest—because we CAN'T reach them. From here," she went on, returning to her scrutiny of the pink-and-gold angel, "he looks like a real angel, but if we should take him down he'd turn to paper and wax and paint again."

"I wonder," said the bachelor, studying the widow, thoughtfully, from the sprig of holly berries in her ruffled hair to the bottom of her ruffled lace frock, "if I should take you down—what you'd turn to."

"Is that butterfly on straight?" asked the widow, anxiously, bending over to readjust a gilt clothespin with green tarlatan wings.

"From here," went on the bachelor, ignoring the deflection, "you look like a real—"

"It's the illusion," broke in the widow, "which makes anything seem nice. And it's distance that lends enchantment to the view."

"I'd rather put up with less enchantment," complained the bachelor, "and less distance, if—"

"Of course you would." The widow jabbed a pin into a paper kitten and fastened it firmly to the tree by one eye. "That's 't' trouble with a man. He always wants to tear down his illusions and see what they are made of. From the time we're a boy insists on seeing the wheels go round in his father's watch, on taking his patent ratt to pieces to find out how it works, to the time when he insists on knowing what his wife pays for her hats and how she gets her blush on her cheeks and the curve in her bustline, he is forever trying to get behind the scenes of life, instead of being satisfied to sit out in the orchestra chair and take things for what they seem to be."

If a woman can possibly idealize a husband or a lover she will shut her eyes and cling to that ideal like grim death, even if she may know she is being fooled; but a man is not happy unless he has the facts; and facts about anything aren't very pleasant."

"Oh, I don't know," the bachelor squinted at the widow; "there are facts about your pompadour, and the tilt of your nose—"

"It was the same way in the Garden of Eden," went on the widow, twisting a string of popcorn about her finger, "when the serpent tempted the bachelors."

"Were you there, too?" The bachelor looked impressed.

"I've always believed," pursued the widow, undauntedly, "that the Tree of Knowledge was just a Christmas tree, and that all Adam and Eve did was to take down their illusions and find out—"